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Title: The Lycaeum Burns

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"It is always a great pleasure to serve the Lycaeum," I told my master as I gave him a small bow.

He nodded and let loose a slight smile from his old face and said, "I have served the Lycaeum for many years... I have seen much and learned much within these old walls... It pleases me to teach one of such great talent, such as yourself Tavlor..."

Those words meant much coming from the man who had raised me like a father. My entire life he had been there and showed me the path of Honesty and what it meant to be a mage.

"Tavlor... Go to the storehouse and fetch some logs for burning... These are nearly done with," he asked of me.

"Of course, master. Let me be off at once." And with that I proceded to the back storehouse to fetch my gentle master some logs. Upon gathering the logs from the storehouse, I noticed a dark fog coming from the northen tip of Moonglow... I slowly watched this and began to fear something evil was upon us. I watched slowly from the store-

house and then saw several figures enter the Lycaeum. I followed and was witnessed to a most hideous sight!

These... These monsters... They were slaughtering the mages of the Lycaeum! They fell one after the other... Like nothing... Their deaths.... Brutal...

A tall gaunt man who was wearing a dark wizard hat was standing within the center of the Lycaeum... His mad laughter sent such terrible chills up my spine!

"Lord Artisem!" said one of the of the more undead looking beasts...

"Yes, Nas'Rath?" answered the man.

"We have yet to find the tomes that we seek... There are just too many books here..."

"Then sort through the useless ones. Burn whatever the Society cannot use!" replied the man, followed by more of his hideous laughter!

I was then horrified even more when I saw that those blasted creatures began the random and rampent burning of some of the Lycaeum's most sacred books! It was such a horrible thing...

A blue haired witch then came about to where I was hiding... "She will discover and kill me," I thought... Then I noticed one of the slain men lying close to me... With

quick actions, I was able to get his robe and hide under it. For now it seemed I was one of the fallen...

Then they gathered in front of the gaunt man... One of them let loose a howel and handed him a small chest... And then for a moment there was silence... And then that laughter... That horrible laughter...

The gaunt man then tossed to the ground something that appeared to be some sort of deed or ticket... He said something that I could barely make out but that was followed up by a devlish laughter coming from them all!

A few words were said among them and then they departed through the exit in the same blasted mist... I thought I could make out some form of ship setting sail from the distance but I could not see...

I ran out of hiding and saw total chaos... Death... Destruction... It was everywhere...

And then... I came across my master... His body was spread about his small study in several pieces...

I will never forget or forgive these monsters for destroying my life...

Tavlor
Scribe of the Moonglow
Lycaeum